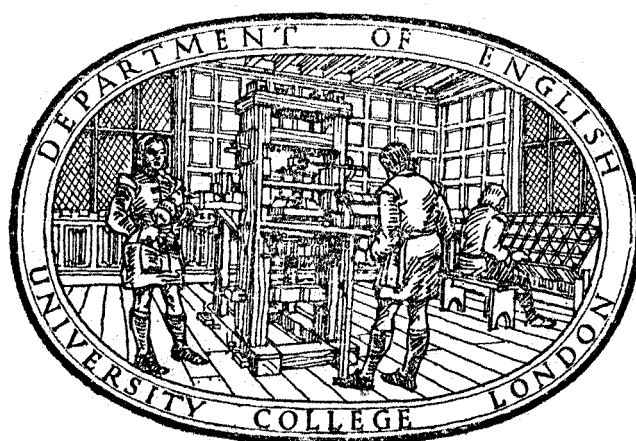


# SONGS FOR THE PHILOLOGISTS

By J. R. R. TOLKIEN, E. V. GORDON & others

Mál-rúnar skaltu kunna.

PRIVATELY PRINTED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
ENGLISH AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON  
MCMXXXVI



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\* Poems by J.R.R. Tolkien

Originally printed by G. Tillotson, A.H. Smith, B. Pattison and other members of the English Department, University College, London

This version (July 2023) has been revised, edited and set in the Gentium typeface by Ronald Kyrmse (certur@gmail.com). Corrections of Tolkien's poems are based on Appendix B in T.A. Shippey, *The Road to Middle-earth* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1982).

**GRACE**

(Tune: *The King of France*)

If I drink water while this does last,  
May I never again drink wine:  
For how can a man, in his life of a span,  
Do anything better then dine?

We'll dine and drink, and say if we think  
That anything better can be;  
And when we have dined, wish all mankind  
May dine as well as we.

## **FARA MEÐ VIKINGUM**

Þat mælti min móðir,  
at mer skyldi kaupa  
fley ok fagrar arar,  
fara! a brott með vikingum,  
standa upp i stafni,  
styra clyrum knerri,  
halda sva til hafnar,  
hoggva mann ok annan.

Drekkum or, þo at Ekkils  
eykriðr beri tiðum  
hornasund at hendi,  
hvert full, bragar Ulli.  
leifi ek vætr, þo at laufa  
leikstærir mer tæri  
hrostatjorn i horni,  
horns, til dags at morni

## **JA, LATTU GAMMINN**

Ja, lattu gammin geysa fram  
i gegnum lifsins öldur;  
þott upp þær stundum hefji hramm  
ei hræðstu þeirra gnöldur.  
Sja, hvilik brotnar baru mergð  
a byrðing einum traustum,  
ef skipið aðeins fer i ferð  
en funar ekki i naustum.

Og mundu, ðott i votri vör  
þu velkist fyrir sandi,  
að bylgjur þær, sem brjota knör ,  
þær bera þo að landi,  
og stormur þurkar segl i svip;  
þott setji um stund i bleyti,  
og - altaf ma fa annað skip  
og annað föruneysi.

## BRING US IN GOOD ALE

Bring us in no browne bred, for þat is made of bran,  
Nor bring us in no white bred, for þerin is no gane,  
But bring us in good ale!  
Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,  
For our blessed Lady sake bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no befe, for þere is many bones,  
But bring us in good ale, for þat goþ downe at ones,  
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no bacon, for þat is passing fat,  
But bring us in good ale, and gife us enough of þat;  
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no mutton, for þat is often lene,  
Nor bring us in no tripes, for þey be seldom clene,  
But bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no egges, for þer are many shells,  
But bring us in good ale, and gife us noþing elles.  
And bring us in good ale!

Bring us in no capons flesh, for þat is often dere,  
Not bring us in no dokes flesh, for þey slobber in þe mere;  
But bring us in good ale!

## BJÖRT MEY OG HREIN

Björt mey og hrein  
mjer unni ein  
a Isa-köldu-landi;

Stort hryggðar kif  
sem stala drif  
stingur mig hverju sinni,

sart ber jeg mein  
um sinnu rein  
sviftur þvi tryggpabandi.

það eðla víf  
meðan endist líf  
aldrei fer mjer ur minni.

Það eðla fljóð  
gekk aðra sloð  
enætlað hafði eg lengi,  
daprast þvi hljóð,  
en dvinar móð,  
dottið er fyrra gengi.

Það sorgar jel  
mitt þvingar þel,  
við þig að hlyt jeg skilja;  
þó finni eg hel,  
þá farðu vel  
fagurleit hringa þilja.

### ROKKVISA

Ur þeli þrað að spinna  
mer þykir næsta indæl vinna  
eg enga iðn kann finna  
sem öllu betur skemti mer.  
Eg sit í hægu sæti  
og sveifla rokk með kvikum fæti,  
eg iða öll af kæti

er ullarlopinn teggjast fer,  
og kvæða kver,  
a skauti skikkju minnar  
æ opið er,  
þvi verð eg þratt að sinna  
rokkurinn meðan suðar ser,  
rokkurinn suðar ser.

### OLAFUR LILJURO

Olafur reið með björgum fram,  
Villir hann, stillir hann.  
Hitti hann fyrir sjer alfarann;  
Þar rauður loginn brann.  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

þá kom ut ein alfamær,  
Villir hann, stillir hann.



Hun var ekki Kristi kær;  
Þar rauður login brann.  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

Vendi jeg minu kvæði i kross.  
Villir hann, stillir hann.  
Sankta Maria sje með oss,  
Þar rauður login brann.  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,  
Bliðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

#### **FROM ONE TO FIVE**

(Tune: *Three Wise Men of Gotham*)

One old man of Durham  
Wrote a perished play;  
Had he not lost the play, sir,  
The royalties would pay, sir! - Poor he!

Three wise men of Yorkshire  
Tried to train a boy;  
Had the boy been brighter  
Their task had been lighter - O yea!

Two poor loons of London  
Tried to talk in Norse;  
Had their tongues been stronger  
Their talk had been longer - Ah me!

Four young nameless noodles  
Took the English school -  
Nearly failed in winter-

They ploughed 'em in the Inter - Wela wa!

Five fat Middlesex maidens  
Tried to print a book;  
They used as ink-ball, sir,  
The roundest of all, sir! - Hee hee!

### **SYX MYNET**

*Verses 2 and 3*

Syx* mynet lufige ic,	*Feower; twa
Maðum mynelic,	
Syx* mynet lufige ic	*Feower; twa
ofer selfe lif.	

Heora anes ic ann,  
Oþer sceal oþer mann  
And *feower* \* habban freolic ‡ wif.

\* *twa sceal, nawiht.*  
‡ tornmod; nahtlic.

Nawiht lufige ic,  
Maþum mynelic,  
Nawiht lufige ic  
bet þanne ic min wif.

Þu nimest naht æt me,  
naht nimeð swilce he -  
La! næfde ic nawiht þurh min lif.

## RUDDOC HANA

Hi grornodon, gnornodon,  
sworelton þa sare;  
ne æfter wine deadum næs  
næfre wop mara.

‘Hwa felde Ruddoc?’ (*bis*)  
‘Ic,’ cwæð se spearewa,  
‘mid bogan and arewan,  
wiþ felda buttoc.’

‘Hwa biþ cantere?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ se stær,  
‘beo ræpsa wær;  
þider ic fere.’

‘Hwa geseah þæt morþ?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ seo peo,  
‘ongann hit geseon,  
fleogende forþ.’

‘Hwa wearþeþ preost?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ se hroc,  
‘Ic bringe mine boc;  
Sar is min breost.’

‘Hwa nom his blod?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ se fisc,  
‘on minre disc,  
þa ic þider wod.’

‘Hwa singeþ ‘dirige’?’  
‘Wit,’ cwæþ se þrostle;  
‘huru wit ostle  
singað unmyrge.’

‘Hwa wyrceþ his hrægl?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ se fina,  
‘mid nædle and line  
wyrce hit swa segl.’

‘Hwa gnornaþ hine?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ seo dufe,  
‘Ic mid þam ufe,  
þurh modes myne.’

‘Hwa bringeþ tapor?’  
‘Ic, linetwige,  
bere hine on swige,  
gif ic neom slapor.’

‘Hwa bereþ þruh?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæþ se glida,  
‘þurh syferne sido,  
peah hio beo ruh.’

‘Hwa cnylleð bellan?’  
‘Ic,’ cwæð þæt hriðer,

‘oðerum swiðor,  
hlude sceal scellan!’

## **GAUDEAMUS**

Gaudeamus igitur,  
juvenes dum sumus!  
Post jucundam juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?  
Scandite ad superos  
vadite ad inferos,  
Ubi jam? Fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur.  
Venit mors velociter,  
raptat nos atrociter,  
nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,  
Vivant professores:  
vivat membrum quodlibet,  
vivat membra quælibet  
semper sint in flore!

Vivant omnes virgines,  
faciles, formosae!  
Vivant et mulieres  
teneræ, amabiles,

bonæ, laboriosæ.

Pereat tristitia,  
pereant osores,  
Pereant diabolus,  
quivis antiburschius  
atque irrisores!

### IDES ÆLFSCÝNE

(Tune: *Daddy Neptune*)

Þa ær ic wæs cniht, þa cóm ic on pliht:  
Sum mægden mé mätte ond mælde:<sup>1</sup>  
‘Lá, léofa, wes hál! Sceal uncer gedál  
nú næfre má weorðan on eorðan!’  
Nó má weorðan on eorðan. (*bis*)  
Wá! ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
Sceal næfre má weorðan on eorðan.

Héo cyste me sóna, þær líxte se móna;  
on clommum me clypte ond sælde;  
on ofste me nóm mid hire’ under glóm,  
þær sceadugong æfre wæs wæfre,  
wælmist æfre wæs wæfre. (*bis*)  
Wá! ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
þær sceadugong æfre wæs wæfre.

Hwær wære’ hit ic nát: we stigon on bát,  
þær murcnede mere on mealme.  
Ofer lagu ic láð, ond módes ic máð,  
ac æfre me strongode longað,

---

<sup>1</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] Þa mette me mægden ond mælde:

áwa strongode longað. (bis)  
Wá! ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
Þær áfre me strongode longað.

Þær gréne wæs grund, ond hwít hire hund,  
Ond gylden wæs hwáete on healme,  
On fyrleum londe, on silfrenum stronde,  
þær darode dweorg under beorgum<sup>2</sup>  
darode dweorg under beorgum.<sup>3</sup> (bis)  
Wá! ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
Þær darode dweorg under beorgum.<sup>4</sup>

To Gode' ic gebæd, elþéodunga sæd  
be dimmum ond dréorigum wægum.  
Þær sunne ne scán, ac micel zimstán  
on lyfte þær gléow mid his léomum,  
léohte gléow mid his léomum. (bis)  
Wá! ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
On lyfte þær gléow mid his léomum.

Ofer missera hund ic wædla ond wund  
eft cyrde to mennisce' ond mægum:  
on moldan wæs nú se ðe cúðe me iú,  
ond hár ic nu wánize ána,  
sáre wánize ána. (bis)  
Wá, ides ælfscýne, ond wá, wine míne!  
Ond hár ic nu wánize ána.

---

<sup>2</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] þær bronte' ymbe þrunton þa muntas,

<sup>3</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] þeostre þrunton ta muntas.

<sup>4</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] þær bronte' ymbe þrunton þa muntas,

## BAGME BLOMA

(Tune: *O lazy sheep!*)

Brunaim bairiþ Bairka bogum  
laubans liubans liudandei,  
gilwagroni, glitmunjandei,  
bagme bloma, blauandei,  
fagrafahsa, liþulinþi,  
frauvinondei fairguni.

Wopjand windos, wagjand lindos  
lutiþ limam laikandei;  
slaihta, raihta, hweitarinda,  
razda rodeiþ reirandi,  
bandwa bairhta, runa goda,  
þiuda meina þiupjandei.

Andanahti milhmam neipiþ,  
liuhteipi liuhmam lauhmuni;  
laubos liubai fliugand lausai,  
tulgus, triggwa, standandei  
Bairka baza beidiþ blaika  
frauvinondei fairguni.

## ÉADIG BÉO ÞU!

(Tune: *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*)

Éadig bío þu, góda mann!  
Éadig bío þu, léofe wif!  
Langre lisse ic þe ann –  
hafa lof and líþe líf!  
Hé þe hér swa sáre swanc,  
rúna rædde' and fyrngewrit,

hál beo hé, on sálum wlanc,  
halde láre' and wís gewit!

Éadge béo we eft swa nú!  
Dréam ne dréose, drync genóg  
flówe on fullum síþ swa iú –  
fyllaþ wæge, fyllaþ cróg!  
Byrla! Byrla! medu scenc!<sup>5</sup>  
Dóm is feor þeah dóm sie strang.  
Swinc forlæt and géot ús drenc!<sup>6</sup>  
Lust is lýtel, earfoþ lang.

Uton singan scírne sang,  
herian Beorc and byrcen cynn,  
láre' and láreow, leornungmann –  
sie ús sæl and hæl and wynn!  
Ác sceal feallan on þæt fýr  
lustes, léafes, lífes wan!  
Beorc sceal ágan langne tír,  
bréme glæme glengan wang!

### OFER WÍDNE GÁRSECG<sup>7</sup>

(Tune: *The Mermaid*)

Þa ofer wíðne gársecg wéow unwidre ceald,  
Sum hagusteald on lagu féoll on nicera geweald.  
He legde lást swa fýres gnást, he snude' on sunde fléah,<sup>8</sup>  
Opþæt he métte meremenn déopan grunde néah.

---

<sup>5</sup> [JRRt corr. from:] Byrla! byrla! medu briht -

<sup>6</sup> [JRRt corr. from:] Swinc tomorgen, drinc toniht!

<sup>7</sup> [JRRt's note to the corrected version:] An OE version of 'Twas in the broad Atlantic in the equinoctial gales That a young fellow fell overboard among the sharks and whales'

<sup>8</sup> [JRRt corr. from:] He legde last swa fyres gnast, and snude on sunde fleah,



La! hwæt, ic Gárdena on géardagum geseah,  
þéodcýninga-ninga-ninga þrym and -  
brýdealop under brimfarop déopan grunde néah!

Þæt merewif þá of stóle úplang héo gestód,<sup>9</sup>  
Mid fágum fintan fægniende: wæs hire grétung gód.<sup>10</sup>  
Héo smearciende smære' hie wendeþ, tæhte hire hand;<sup>11</sup>  
'Nú, wilcuma, lá, hláford mín, on meremanna land!'

'Hér leng ne mót ic bídan, gedæle' ic nú wiþ þé!  
Heo cwæþ: 'Na, na! ne biþ hit swa! þu gewitest nu on mé.  
Nú eft þu gá, and cweþ: "Nó má fare' ic on sunde héah;  
Gemæcca mín is meremenn déopan grunde néah.'"  
(First refrain)

On nacan his genéatas hine sohton wýde' ymb sund;  
Hi wéopon and hi hréopon and hi sméadon pone grund.  
Þa úp he sprang and hlúde sang, and hearde helman hrand:  
'Gáp eft ongen! me béodeþ cwén on meremanna land.'  
(Second refrain)

'Tódæleþ nú mín ágen, pannan, páde, préon!  
Gifaþ hrægelciste mínre nifte, méder míne méon!  
Se stéorman stód on stefne wód, and he to brime béah;  
Cwæþ: 'Far nu wel! þe hæbbe Hel, déopan grunde néah!  
(First refrain)

---

<sup>9</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] Þæt merewif hine greteþ, and uplang heo gestent;

<sup>10</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] Mid fagum fintan fægniende fægre finnas þenþ.

<sup>11</sup> [JRRT corr. from:] And smearciende smære' hie wendeþ, tæceþ hire hand;

## ICELANDIC SONG

(Tune: O'Reilly)

Það liggur svo makalaust ljómandi' á mjer,  
Mjer líkar svo vel, hvernig heimurinn er,  
Mjer synist allt lífið svo ljómandi bjart;  
Og langar að segja svo dremalaust margt.  
Æ dúli, æ dúli, a da-la-la-la-la! (*four times*).

Það skilst varla hjá mjer eitt einasta orð,  
Mjer allt synist hringsnúast, stólar og borð;  
Minn hattur er tyndur, og horfið mitt úr --  
Jeg held jeg sje kominn á sjoðandi túr!  
Æ dúli, æ dúli, a da-la-la-la-la! (*four times*).

## LA, HURU

(Tune: O'Reilly)

Eala hu is wynsum þeos woruld to-niht,  
And medu and myrgu, þeos deore gedriht;  
Her is blæd, her is bliss, her hroþor and hyht;  
Nis her nænig pæca, ne prattas, ne pliht.  
La huru, la huru, la leofa, la hu! (*four times*)

Her is medu and beorþegu, ealu and win,  
And hunig and hælu and heahlufu min.  
Ic drince, ic drence, ic scence þe þin;  
We hebbað up hornas nu tyn siðum tyn.  
La huru, etc.

Ic wlaffige', ic woffige', ic wede swa þu.  
Þu druncnast, þu drymest, þu dysigast nu,  
þu spreawlast, þu spellest swa snottrast swa snellast

La! hwa wisse ær swelcne gebeor swa bistu  
La huru, etc.

### **SU KLUKKA HELJAR**

(Tune: *The Bells of Hell*)

Su klukka heljar hryngur-ryngur-ryng  
Fyr þjer en ekki mjer;  
Fyr mjer engillinn syngur-ryngur-ryng,  
Hann heitir goðu mjer.  
O Dauði, hvar þinn stingur-ringur-ring,  
O Gröf, er sigur hjer?  
Su klukka heljar hryngur-ryngur-fyng --  
Fyr þjer en ekki mjer.

### **I SAT UPON A BENCH**

(Tune: *The Carrion Crow*)

I sat upon a bench and I up and I sang:  
“Fol de rol de rol de rol de rol de-rido!”  
I sat upon a bench and I up and I sang:  
“The beer’s a-going round, let the world go hang!  
Ha! ho! Flow beer, flow!  
Fol de rol de rol de rol de rol de-rido!”

*Lines a, c, d:*

The bench began to heave, the table did a dance,  
The barrels and the bottles all about began to prance.  
Ha! ho! Woa, lads, woa!

The bench went over bang, the table stood on end,  
The barrels they were bust, the roof began to bend.

Ha! ho! Beer did flow

A-lying on the floor I gave a mighty roar:

“The tide’s a-coming in, there’s beer upon the shore!

Ha! ho! Swimming I’ll go.

The tide’s a-flowing in, there’s froth upon the sea

O blow all ye winds, O blow the froth for me!

Ha! ho! A good strong blow!

Adown a-derry-down in a sea so very brown

A merry merry death ‘twill be for me to drown.

Ha! ho! to the bottom I’ll go.”

#### **NATURA APIS MORALI RICARDI EREMITAE**

(Tune: *O’ Reilly*)

The night is still young and our drinks are yet long,

The fire’s burning bright and here brave is the throng,

So now I will sing you a sooth little song

Of the busy brown bee - with a ding and a dong,

With a fal-lal-lal la and a z z z z

a z z z z z, z z z z z (*thrice*)

Three virtuous habits hath every brown bee:

Ah, no, never, no, never idle is she;

If drone will not labour, then out bundles he

And the hive and the honey no more will he see!

No wind from her pathway the bee ever bore,

For ballast she beareth, and (yea, what is more)

There’s good mother earth on her feet though she soar;

She’s no fool of a fly nor a dull dumbledore.

Yet gleaming she cleaneth her well-polished wings  
That lift her aloft over lowlier things  
(But note also this, the bees have their stings  
And leave oft a mark on the lowlier things).

For Aristotle saith (in his quaint sort of Greek)  
That Bees will give battle to robbers that seek  
To harry their hives or their honey to sneak;  
Their own will they hold, for the bees are not meek.

### GUBBEN NOACH

Gubben Noach, gubben Noach var en hedersman:  
När han gick ur arken,  
plantera han på marken  
Mycket vin, ja, mycket vin, ja: detta gjorde han.

Han väl viste, han väl viste, att en mänska var  
torstig av naturen  
som de andra djuren -  
därför han ock, därför han ock vin planterat har.

Gamli Noi, gamli guðhræddur og vis;  
mikilshattar maður ,  
mörgum velviljaður.  
þott hann drykki, þott hann drykki, þa samt bar hann pris.

Aldrei drakk hann, aldrei drakk hann of mikið i senn,  
utan einu sinni  
a hann trui eg rynni.  
Glappaskotin, glappaskotin, ganga svo til enn.

Viltu vinur, viltu vinur vita hvar hann sat?  
Bustaður einn batur ,  
Borginn var rjett latur ,  
Gamli Noi, gamli Noi hæst a Ararat.

### THE ROOT OF THE BOOT

A troll sat alone on his seat of stone,  
And munched and mumbled a bare old bone;  
And long and long he had sat there lone  
And seen no man nor mortal --  
Ortal! Portal!  
And long and long he had sat there lone  
And seen no man nor mortal.

Up came Tom with his big boots on;  
'Hallo!' says he, 'pray what is yon?  
It looks like the leg of me nuncle John  
As should be lying in the churchyard.  
Searchyard, Birchyard! ' etc.

'Young man', says the troll, 'that bone I stole;  
But what be bones, when mayhap the soul  
In heaven on high hath an aureole  
As big and as bright as a bonfire?  
On fire, yon fire.'

Says Tom: 'Oddsteeth! 'tis my belief,  
If bonfire there be, 'tis underneath;  
For old man John was as proper a thief  
As ever wore black on a Sunday --  
Grundy, Monday!

But still I doan't see what that is to thee,  
With me kith and me kin a-makin' free:  
So get to hell and ax leave o' he,  
    Afore thou gnaws me nuncle!  
    Uncle, Buncle!

In the proper place upon the base  
Tom boots him right - but, alas! that race  
Hath a stonier seat than its stony face;  
    So he rued that root on the rumpo,  
    Lumpo, Bumpo!

Now Tom goes lame since home he came,  
And his bootless foot is grievous game;  
But troll's old seat is much the same,  
    And the bone he boned from its owner!  
    Donor, Boner!

### **BI, BI OG BLAKA**

Bi, bi og blaka,  
alptirnar kvaka;  
jeg læt sem jeg sofi,  
en samt mun jeg vaka,

Bium, bium bamba;  
litlu börnin lamba.  
Fram á fjalla kamba  
þau fara að leita lamba.

## GUÐ LET VAXA

(Tune: *Laus Deo*)

Guð let fögur vinber vaxa,  
vildi gleðja dapran heim,  
gefið hafði hann gnægðir axa,  
goðar hjarðir, nogan sein,  
þreyttust menn við bu að baxa,  
bloðið varð svo dökkt í þeim.  
Þa let drottinn vinið vaxa,  
vildi gleðja dapran heim.

Breiddist iðgrænn vafningsviður  
við hans boð um aldinreit.  
Höfgir klasar hengu niður,  
himinsol a skrautið leit.  
Glumdi í lopti gleiðikliður,  
gloðu herin rauð og heit.  
Slongdist iðgrænn vafningsviður,  
við hans boð um aldinreit.

Gloðjist, sagði hann. Gullnar veigar,  
gjöra bloðið rautt og lett;  
undan þeim hið illa geigar  
ef að þeirra er notið rett.  
Angur, þreyta og illir beigar  
und an flyja a harða sprett.  
Gloðjist, sagði hann. Gullnar veigar  
gjöra bloðið rautt og lett.

Aldrei sagði þengill þjoða:  
þu skalt ekki bragða vin;  
öllum vill hann ætið þjoða  
ör og mildur gæðin sin.



Smana jafnt hans gafu goða  
'Goodtemplar' og fyllisvin.  
Aldrei sagði þengill þjoða:  
þu skalt ekki drekka vin;

Enn þa blomgast iðgrænn viður,  
enn þa blikar gullin veig.  
Enn þa sendir solin niður  
si-ung bros urn aldinteig.  
Enn ma sætur söngva kliður  
senda i Niflheimdrunga og geig.  
Enn þa blomgast iðgrænn viður,  
enn þa blikar gullin veig.

### **SALVE!**

Salve, mi bone frons;  
para te, mea frons,  
para te circumdari lauro.  
Beatissima nox,  
vina nunc tibi mox  
splendent sane potius auro.

O, du herlige Drik,  
du som avled den Skik  
apud patres atque parentes,  
at med Næven man slog  
og var tapper og klog;  
erant arma pugnus et dentes

## **FRENCHMEN FROTH**

(Tune: *The Vicar of Bray*)

Though Frenchmen froth with furious sound

And fill our frousty mansions,

And gurgling uvulas are ground,

And tremblers pay 'attention';

Though History roll in dreary round

Colonial expansion,

And king and parliamentary hound,

And constitutional sanction,

This is my faith, I do maintain, until the stars shall fall, sir!

Let other lands be what they claim, is England best of all, sir!

In mathematics' mouldering shed

Though tangled runes be written

By faces grave of men long dead

That worms have sorely bitten;

Though Greek and Latin in one bed

With sleeping-sickness ridden

Do dream of days when classics bled

A weary world unchidden,

This is my faith, I do maintain, until the stars shall fall, sir!

Of all the arts this hath my heart - the English tongue fore all, sir!

Though Education quack, quack, quack

And force upon our weasands

The nostrums from its nonsense pack

In endless silly seasons

Though tyrant force behind our back

Shall thrust us without reason

To halls that light and learning lack

Where teachers talk of treason,

This is my faith, I do maintain, until the stars shall fall, sir!  
That fear and false report shall not make English fall, sir!

Though some will strip their stupid souls  
    (At least to the pyjamas),  
Though sages green with puny polls  
    Write dismal little dramas;  
Though critics jibber in their holes  
    Of style and form and metre,  
Yet literature (the little moles!)  
    They miss her when [they] meet her.

This is my faith, I do maintain, while songs by men are sung, sir!  
They only earn the English name who learn the English tongue, sir!

#### WHEN I'M DEAD

Þa ic beo dead.  
    no byrgaþ lic min,  
at doð min ban  
    on blod-read win.

Quhan deid me tais,  
    O biri nocht me,  
bot sett ilk a bain  
    in cleir clarré.

Sete fullne belg  
    æt heafd' and fet,  
wel þæt mines lices  
brosnung bett.

Sett ane bottel o bouse  
    at mi heid and mi foit,  
and in rest and in ro  
everma i moit.

Gadauþna' ic þan,  
    ni allis filh mik,  
ak daupiþs in wein  
    fagino ik.

Satei fairnana balg  
and haubip mein --  
ganisand auk baina  
daupida, in wein.

### **LIT' AND LANG'**

Once there were two little groups,  
Once there were two little groups,  
Once there were two little groups,

Called Lit' and Lang'.

Lit' was lazy till she died,

Lit' was lazy till she died,

Lit' was lazy till she died,

Of homophemes.

'I don't like philology,'

Poor Lit' said.

Psychotherapeutics failed,

And now she's dead.

Doctors cut up all the corpse,

Doctors cut up all the corpse,

Doctors cut up all the corpse,

But searched in vain;

They couldn't find it anywhere,

They couldn't find it anywhere,

They couldn't find it anywhere,

They couldn't find the brain.

Did Lang' go into mourning-weeds?

I don't think!

He quickly wiped a tear away

And had another drink.

## VISUR ISLENDINGA

Hvað er svo glatt sem góðra vina fundur,  
er gleðin skín a vonar hyrri bra?  
Eins og a vori laufi skryðist lundur,  
lifnar og glæðist hugarskætin þa.  
Og meðan þrúgna gullnu tarin glóa  
og guða-veigar lífga salaryl,  
þa er það víst, að beztu blómin gróa  
í brjóstum, sem að geta fundið til.

Latum því, vinir, vínið andann hressa  
og vonar-stundu kollum þenna dag  
og gesti vora biðium guð að blessa  
og bezt að snúa öllum þeirra hag.  
Látun ei sorg né söknuð vínið blanda,  
þó senn í vina-hópin komi skörð;  
en óskum heilla' og heiðurs hverjum landa,  
sem hejsar aftur vorri fosturjörð.

Það er svo tæpt að trúá heimsins glaumi -  
því tara-döggvar falla studum skjótt,  
og vinir berast burt á tímans straumi,  
og blómin fölna' á einni hélu-nótt;  
því er ost bezt að forðast raup og reiði  
og rjufa hvorki trygð né vinar-koss,  
en ef við sjáum sólskins-blett í heiði,  
að setjast allir þar og gleðja oss.

Latum því, vinir, vínið andann hressa  
og vonar-stundu köllum þennan dag  
og gesti vora biðjum guð að blessa  
og bezt að snúa öllum þeirra hag;  
því meðan þrúgna gullnu tarin glóa

og guða-veigar lífga salaryl,  
þa er það víst, að beztu blómin gróa  
í brjóstum, sem að geta fundið til.

## GOMUL KYNNI

Hin gömlu kynni gleymast ei,  
enn gloir vin a skal!  
Hin gömlu kynni gleymast el  
ne gömul trygðamal.

o, goða, gamla tíð  
með gull i mund!  
Nu fyllum, broðir, bikarinn  
og blessum liðna stund.

Við leiddumst fyr um laut og hol,  
er loan söng i mo;  
eu draumar svifu, söngur hvarf  
ur Silfrastaða skog.

Við oðum saman straum og streng  
og stoðumst bylgjufall;  
en seinna hafrot mæðu og meins  
a millum okkar svall.

Þott sortnað hafi sol og lund,  
eg syng und laufgum hlyn  
og retti mund um hafið halft  
og heilsa gömlum vin.

